

Magic Mountain

“Oh no,” I thought as I packed my bag for Magic Mountain. I put in a dress, a skirt, a short sleeve top, a long sleeve top and a jumper. I zipped up my bag.

“Kayla, remember to pack swimmers.” I sighed and unzipped my bag. I went to my wardrobe and grabbed my stripy swimmers and put them in my bag. I would usually love to go to Magic Mountain, but my repulsive cousin Greg is coming as well.

My family is staying at a caravan park in Tathra and then we will go to Magic Mountain in the morning. I’ve been to Magic Mountain before a few times before but with Greg, well, I’m not sure how anybody could enjoy a holiday with *him*. I decide to run away. Then, I have a second thought. “I don’t want to worry dad.” My dad was in hospital with lung cancer and my mum was as mad as a mad bull that had just had his horn pulled off.

“Get in the car right now or I will beat you up,” yelled up mum.

The trip was long, hot and boring! At last our little brown car rumbled in to the gates of the caravan park. That night was the best; I got heaps of sleep.

In the morning we hopped in the car and went to Magic Mountain. Greg & Aunt Jen were already there and they had found a picnic spot for all of our stuff.

My first ride was the Rollercoaster. It was fun, scary and exciting. Maybe this wasn’t going to be so bad after all.

Next, we went to the racing carts and I won. I went on the purple cart, mum went on the blue cart, my brother Colby and Greg went on the green and Aunt Jen went on the black one.

After that we put on our swimmers and went to the water slides. I did the Doom Tube first. The Doom Tube is a blue slide with high walls and the top cut off. The water at the bottom was FREEZING. I decided to do the black hole next. The air inside that thing was as black as the 12th second and the 12th minute and the 12th hour at night. I did the fun slides a few more times then we went to have lunch; chicken nuggets and chips.

It was really, a really, really, really, really fun holiday after all!

Then we went home. The drive back wasn’t as bad as the way there.

Our first stop was the hospital to visit Dad. When we walked in the doors of the hospital we were welcomed by a blast of hot air and the smell of plastic and chemicals.

A tired looking nurse ran over to us.

“I’m so sorry, it’s Ben, I think he’s dying.” She said in a sorrowful voice. Tears welled up in all of our eyes.

“Please take us to him,” said Mum sadly.

In Dad’s little hospital room we listened to his raspy breathe rattle away. And then suddenly... It stopped. We all burst into tears.

We went home and mum got us dinner but I couldn’t eat. My head was spinning and my heart was aching.

It had been a long day.

By Zara Mesley, Year 3 Dalgety PS